Mr. Gerald Rose
State College of New York
Fredonia, NY 14063

10/19/94

Dear Jerry,

In Tom Devries' excuse for a review he used to flaunt what he believes is his wisdom, perception and subject matter expertise he is critical of me for, among other things, not giving the names of those non-Dealey Plaza tramps referred to as the Dealey Plaza Tramps. Not that this self-regarded amniscience that he portrays himself has shown any relevance in those men or in those pictures. Or anyone not on Cloud Nine ever did. And that so long after they were published after being disclosed by the police quite some time earlier. It is enough for him and for you that this mythology lingers and, having attributed to it an importance it never had, rather than confessing to what was at best the wildness of on overly-imaginative high school freshman in one of his least inhibited moments, it becomes a basis for strong criticism to those who depend on you for what they believe is information.

DeVries complains that Carroll & Graf never responded to him, many efforts as he made. I suppose it did not occur to him when they did not respond to ask me what he wanted to know. That he did not is not because he did not know how to reach me. When I read the copy of his scrivenning that was sent me I checked our records. Some years ago he asked for the list of our books and about their available. We replied and heard nothing further from him.

It is because there never was any relevance to that every-changing mythology, most of them following my debunking what was imagined about them earlier, that I said no more than I did.

But instead of running off at the mouth to portray himself as well informed, when he is not, about the subject matter, rather than the mythologies so attractive to so many college-educated ignoramuses, if he had asked my my source I'd have told him of three investigations of that business for which I was responsible. The first was the FBI's and it has been public since 1976 or slightly later. But, of course, to those unique geniuses who flaunt their ignorance sublimely unaware of it, those official records are worthless. What is important to them is the nuttiness of the theories they play childrens' games with. I forced that FBI investigation when a sketch was distributed of the one you all like to refer to Frenchy, that designation based on another's uninhibited imagination, (Did you know he was also "identified" as Lyndon Johnson's farm manager?), as the man wanted for killing Dr. King.

Later that same year, when Jim garrison was about to commemorate the fifth assassination anniversary by charging two men with being the actual Grassy Knoll assassins and his staff, having failed to talk him out of it, asked my help, I had two completely independent professional investigations made of those picture, neither knowing of the

other. The reports to me were identical and that is why Jim Garrison did not charge Edgar Euegene Bradly with being one of the actual shooters. All he had on Bradley was his imagining that the tallest of those winos, which is what reagrdless of Eminence DeVries belief is what they actually were, was Bradley. As he wasn't and there have never been any real reason to believe he was.

Save in one detail, the FBI's investigation is identical with the other two. In that the FBI erred. It placed the boxcar and the arrest farthur from the overpass than it was. It was behind the Central Annex Post Office, 217 S. Houston. Or, a block west of the scene of the crime and more than two blocks south of it. And for all you of the limitless imagonations have attributed to it, the CIA has yet to invent a rifle that can go a predetermined distance and then make a sharp right-angle turn and impact with great precision on targets viewed in a scope that also has the same right-angular possibilities.

(Garrison's other actual assassin-to-be-charged was Robert Perrin Rich, Who had killed himself more than a year before the assassination, in New Orleans.)

And when were those men picked up? An hour or more after the assassination, when the police shook the entire area down. It was about an hour and a half later when they were walked off the tracks the only way possible, past the TSBD, where photographers were shooting everything that moved.)

When this mythology was first invented I pointed out how irrational it was. There was a ready substsitute: they were the paymasters waiting to pay the shooters off and to be sure they'd done the job!

Then countless other identifications were made, including by ear identification, said to be as dependable as fingerprints.

And more than 25 years later you consider yourself an informed and responsible editor in publishing this rancid hogslop?

In reviews you delayed until it was time for the chauns to use the space taken up by Case Open for new books as they appeared? And had begun to happen, as with B. Dalton it had?

Have you the remotest notion of the harm done by presenting ~~this~~ such irrational notions as fact to trusting readers and to others who are told about them? Of the confusion created in the minds of trusting people? Of the benefit to official miscreants from all of this frightful debaing of the human mind? Of which these pictures are but one of many atrocities!

You once chided me for not subscribing to your publication, for all the world as though that justified asking for a scholarly paper, supposedly, on me as some kind of federal agent! For which libel I have yet to receive any apology of any kind. Does this one element of that single DeVries self-puffery give you an idea of why I have never subscribed to any such publications? When I cannot find the time for dealing with

the realities about which I seek to make as much of a record as remains possible for me?

All of the other nastiness of that self-important fool DeVries could also have been answered if he had wanted that. But he did not. He knows all there is to know and makes this apparent in his writing. Or, he preferred not to know/so he could be as nasty and ignoreant as you let him be.

As what he pretends to be, a reviewer, he was not aware that not a single ad had been placed for that book, not a single promotion, and he could not help but notice, among other things, the innumerable typographic errors? And he had no questions about this and what it so obviously reflects-that has not a thing in the world to do with me?

I've gotten about 300 letters and many, many phone calls from those who read Case Open. Not one even hinted at what DeVries says. And these were all from strangers. Whose mildest praise was of thanks for my doing the book.

At this stage of my life the nuttiness of all the would-be Perry Masons does not trouble me when they cannot refute my criticisms of the multitude of unsolvable theories so dear to them and so confusing to the people (about which I have even more letters in the past several yars) but I am concerned about the harm they do and that despite this not inconsiderable harm/they are persisted in and proliferate. This, I believe, is a national harm and a national disgrace.

It is also too bad that when there is an article of worth and usefulness it is tainted by all this worse than nonsense by so many self-important fools like deVries.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Harold